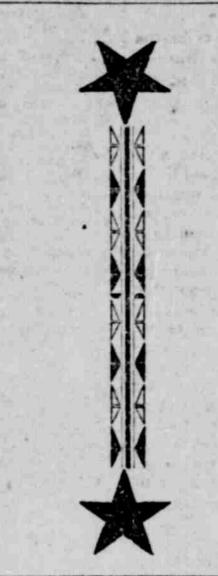
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INDIANAPOLIS, SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 16, 1891-TWELVE PAGES.

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Heretofore

WE have dealt in WATCHES and DIAMONDS. Our Club Plan has worked well. By this means a good Watch or a fine Diamond can be secured on very easy payments. We have sold Watches to hundreds of Conductors, Engineers, and other Railroad men, as well as those in other business, who are compelled to carry reliable time-keepers. Our constant aim is to recommend goods for just what they will prove to be. It stands to reason that our promises have been kept, when the fact is considered that our sales on Watches alone have mounted up to nearly 5,000, and are increasing.



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UNCLE SAM'S MONEY VAULTS

Cranks Who Would Like to Rob Them. and the Obstacles in Their Way.

The Weight of Silver Is Its Protection-Cement Floors, Steel Walls and Time-Locks-Interview with Treasurer Nebeker.

Special Correspondence of the Sunday Journal. WASHINGTON, Aug. 14.-The warning re ceived by Treasurer Nebeker, a few days ago, from a crank who claimed to know of one of the many such communications which the Treasurer receives at short inceived a great many of them, and a great many will come into his hands before he goes out of office. The proposition is an utterly ridiculous one, but to many thousand people throughout the country who do not know the safe-guards which surround the cash in the Treasury vaults the impossibility of the project does not appear. The chief protection upon which the Treasury Department could rely is the fact that the enormous weight of the coin stored away in the coin vaults would effectually prevent its transportation in any quantity, unless an army of men should get possession of it; and it would take a railroad train to carry it would take a railroad train to carry it away from the city. There are more than three thousand tons of silver in the vaults of the Treasury Department. In one vault alone there are nearly 100,000,000 of these dollars, and the quantity is changing constantly. It has been estimated that it would take nearly two hundred freight cars to carry this sulver coin away from Washington. When silver coin away from Washington. When this fact is taken into consideration, the utter impossibility of removing enough of the coin to justify even a serious discussion of the subject is evident. To be sure, there is a large quantity of gold coin which might reward a thief who could gain access to the Treasury. The weight of \$40,000 in gold burglar of muscular development would have but little difficulty in carrying that weight. But what attracts the cupidity of the dishonest always is the enormous amount of silver coin which is stacked up in the big steel vaults. The largest of these vaults extends under the terrace at the south end of the Treasury building. It was completed about three years and a half ago. It was built in eighteen months at a cost of \$50,000. It has walls of steel, and it is divided by steel lattice-work into a number of compartments. The total capacity of these compartments and of the hallway that runs between them is about \$100,000.000. The silver is stored away in bags of heavy canvas containing one thousand pieces each, and originally these bags were piled one upon the other in great heaps within the latticed cells. But as some difficulty was experienced in stacking these bags properly, and as it was found that dampness penetrated even the steel walls about the vaults and rotted the canvas bags if they were left unprotected, a new system was devised; and now the bags of coin are placed in wooden boxes, two bags to each box, and these boxes are piled one upon another in regular order. Each of these boxes weighs 120 pounds. There are seven other coin vaults in the basement of the Treasury building, none of them so large as the great silver vault, which was completed three and a half years ago. In these vaults are stored both gold and silver coin. The amount of money is changing constantly, for new-coined dollars are received almost every day from the mint, and, as demands are made from banks and sub-treasuries, the dollars in the sub-treasuries.

The silver dollars, as they are taken into the Treasury vaults, are not counted. They are weighed, and their number and condition can be ascertained in this way far more accurately than in any other. A half dozen laborers surround the great scales, which stand in a glass case at the entrance to the vault. These scales cost \$1,600, and they weigh down to very small amounts. The sacks have but little difficulty in carrying that

mission, I resolved to pay a visit to the humorist, who already had afforded me so many hours, in the aggregate, of laughter and entertainment. To be sure, Laramie, to the vault. These scales cost \$1,000, and they weigh down to very small amounts. The sacks of coin are brought in on a wooden truck, and a burly laborer picks one off the top of the pile, and, slipping the canvas, pours the glittering, clinking contents in the basket of the scale. The scale is set at the exact figure which represents Wyo., where he then lived, was 500 miles A product of that visit is the following little sketch, transcribed from the original little sketch, transcribed from the original manuscript which he presented to me. As of the required fineness, and should thrust a long envelope into my hand and dollar in the whole lot, the scale will indithrust a long envelope into my hand and said: "Here is a manuscript sketch I wrote said: "Here is a manuscript sketch I wrote as far back as 1870. I give it to you as a proof that I was not always a jester with aside to be examined afterward, and the defective coin is charged to the mint from which it came. If the coins stand the scale which it came. If the coins stand the scale test, as they do almost invariably, they are emptied into another bag, which is sewed up and carried into the vaults, there to be stored away until called for. Strange as it may seem, the government never missed one of the many million dollars entrusted annually to the hands of these honest laborers, whose magnificent recompense for fidelity and toil is \$12 per week.

And sure enough the pathetic and pretty little sketch comes in conveniently now, though, thank heaven, I am not writing Bill Nye's obituary: Here it is:

Once, a long time ago, I began to write a poem. It was to be perfect in metre and in rhyme, and so truthful in sentiment that thousands of hearts should throb and thrill to its music. I began it with high hopes, and christened it with the name of a child. But the work moved slowly, and the lines seemed very tame, so I returned again and again to the child model for inspiration, and looked into the merry eyes for help.

So it came to pass that very little of my time was devoted to the poem and a great deal was devoted to the poem and a great deal was devoted to my hero. No slave ever lived under a more unlimited monsarchy than I under the reign of a pair of laughing eyes, and no true, loyal subject ever bowed in meeker submission or blessed his sweet bondage as I did, with my neck beneath the dimpled foot of my conqueror. HOW THE VAULTS ARE GUARDED. All possible safeguards are thrown around the coin-vaults. There are sixty guards on duty about these vaults at different times in the twenty-four hours, and their vigilance is such that it is said that Treasurer Huston came very near being shot by one of them when he ventured down stairs one day for the purpose of learning something about the condition of the vaults. The guard was a new one, and it was not until one of the older guards had identified the Treasurer that the man con-Thus the summer came with the twink-ling music of the bebelink, the misty blue of June mornings and the evening concerts sented to take a rather ugly-looking pistol-barrel from Mr. Huston's head. These watchmen could protect the vaults against a raid made through the narrow corridors of the Treasury. The of the sleepy-voiced crickets. The long dreary days were short to me, for I was under a spell, and the wand of the enchanter was a baby's tiny rattle. So I still dreamed on of the poem that should steel walls of the vaults are sufficient procrown this summer vision with an ode to my king, the back of whose chubby hand tection against an attack through any was my law.

But the poem is only half finished. It sion to the vaults. The doors of the vaults But the poem is only half finished. It was broken off in the middle of a sentence, are not by any means burglar proof. Less and now it is growing yellow beneath a pair of little scarlet and white stockings. Those summer days are locked in a frozen sky; the roses and the violets are covered by the drifting snow. With the death of the year came the time for the waxen hands to be forever still—those hands that hold my heartstyings in their steams of the necessity for increasing the safeguards around these vaults urged upon it, and my heartstyings in their steams of the necessity for increasing the safeguards around these vaults urged upon it, and hold my heartstrings in their eternal still-ness; those hands that seem to touch me yet and take me back to that golden summade the necessary appropriation for a committee of experts to investigate the

The only large sum that was ever stolen from the United States Treasury was a a package of \$500 notes containing \$47,000. mer time when I was trying to write my which was taken, in June, 1875, from the cash-room. The possibilities of stealing the cash are much greater than the possibilities of stealing the coin, and it would be much easier for two or three men, in col-lusion with an employe of the Treasurer's Office, to rob the government than for a body of men to make an attack up on the Treasury and plunder it. as the crank letter which Mr. Nebeker received suggested. In the cash room about \$40,000.000 is handled every year. It is offices of the different executive departments are settled, where their balances are ments are settled, where their balances are deposited and their checks are paid. It was here that cashier Silcott, of the Sergeant-at-arms's office of the House of Representatives, drew the money with which he ran away to Canada. Just outside the Treasurer's Office is the shipping room, where, Cashier True tells, they handle shipments of United States notes and slung toward the goal. This would probably be very tame, but there is another provision, which is that players of one side may interfere with the others and do all they can to prevent the balls from being thrown. This at once introduces an elements of United States notes and thrown. This at once introduces an element of skill as the ball once in the net of us a trial and save all work, worry and all work, worry and perhaps a family jar. Our wagon will call if you drop us a postal card, or Telephone No. 1089 CAPITAL LAUNDRY, 26 N. Mississippi st.

clerks. By a prearrangement he passed it through one of the windows to a saloon-keeper named Ottman, who was in the plot for the robbery of the treasury. Hallock went to New York before the robbery had been discovered, and he was shadowed there. Theodore Brown (known as "Peg-leg"), who was a frequenter of Ottman's saloon, was also placed under suspicion and was shadowed at Saratoga, where he was was shadowed at Saratoga, where he was found to be betting on the race with \$500 notes. Brown was arrested at Saratoga and Hallock in New York. Among the property found in Brown's possession was a memorandum showing how the money was to be divided. Ottman was arrested in Washington. From the three men \$29,000 was recovered in the original \$500-bills. Brown was never tried. He died in Chicago, about nine years ago. Hallock and Ottman were tried and convicted, but they obtained new trials, which resulted in a disagreement in Hallock's case and a hung jury in Ottman's. Hallock is now a resident of Minnesota, and is reputed to be worth a good deal of money. Ottman is thought to be in New York. A SMALLER ROBBERY.

There was another small robbery in the Treasury Department by a visitor to one of the vaults. A bundle of notes was left carelessly within his reach. He dropped his hat over it and carried it away. It was missed very soon, the robbery was traced and the money recovered. Some of the notes in the custody of the Treasurer are of such denominations that \$500,000 could be concealed under a man's coat without attracting much attention.

Not the least interesting feature of the treasury vaults is the time-lock which guards each of them. A mistake made by Treasurer Gilfillan some years ago resulted in a suspension of each payments by the Treasurer's office for nearly an hour one stubbornly closed. The minutes went by up to 9 o'clock, which was the time for opening the Treasurer's office for business, and still the vaults were not open. No one knew that a mistake had been made in setting the time-lock, and it was supposed that something must be wrong with the mechanism. Experts were summoned, but before they could arrive the hour of 9:30 had come, and with a welcome click the steel bolts flew back and the vaults were opened. Then it was discovered that the time-lock had been set an hour shead. The mistake was never repeated, and at no time since has the government had to suspend cash payments even for an hour.

The last Congress appropriated \$3,000 to pay the expenses of an investigation of the condition of the treasury vanits by a committee of experts. That committee has been at work for some time, and will make a report as soon as some experiments to test the strength of certain iron and steel-plates can be made. The committee will probably recommend that new entrances be built for all the vaults, and that the gold and bond vaults be relined. All of this will cost the government probably \$50,000.

"I have received six communications like the one that was published," said Treasurer Nebeker in conversation with me a few Nebeker in conversation with me a few days ago, "and I have been in office only four months. All of them have gone to the waste-basket. Most of the others warned me of a plan for tunneling into the vaults. It would hardly be possible to do this. Looking at the matter arrivally the vaults. It would hardly be possible to do this. Looking at the matter seriously, it would be necessary to have some place to deposit the dirt taken out. They would hardly try to tunnel from a sewer and allow the dirt to be washed away. Now, on the north side of the Treasury building there are only government buildings and banks; on the west are the White House grounds; on the south the Treasury grounds, and on the east, across Fifteenth street, a row of big business buildings. Beside, the gold vault is near the center of the building, and the silver is too heavy to be carried away in large quantities. Still, the vaults should be modernized, and Congress will be asked to make an appropriation for this be asked to make an appropriation for this purpose at its next session.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

PIPE-CREEK FALLS

One of Indiana's Bits of Picturesque Scenery -A Charmingly Romantic Spot.

Logansport Journal Without doubt one of the finest bits of Without doubt one of the finest bits of Indiana scenery, and one of the most frequently visited by Peru, Logansport and Kokomo people, is the noted Pipe-creek falls. Lying some nine miles west of this city, and about equidistant from the places mentioned, the spot has become a common meeting-ground. There are several roads from this city, but the popular and most delightful one is theriver road. This course leads one along the banks of the Wabash, and with its hilly and beautiful turns and crooks, and hilly and beautiful turns and crooks. and in its density of shade, leads one almost to church of the Dunkards of this locality and here are mammoth gatherings of these people held every year, and which gave additional prominence to the falls. From the church to the falls the drive is a magnificent one, the roads following the course of the Pipe creek stream, high above its banks, at some points over one hundred feet in height, and below the waters of the creek rushing madly on their way to the Wabash river. The peculiarity of this place lies in the fact of three streams mergplace lies in the fact of three streams merging into one, and from thence on down the combined waters rush madly over limestone rocks, and with that peculiar gurgling noise so familiar to the mountain streams, and then at a given point they drop abruptly down over three successive small precipices of the average height of sixteen feet, forming a most charming sight and one worth going to see. A small island immediately below the falls, around which the waters rush with their downward velocity, and, covwith their downward velocity, and, covered with ample shade, makes the camping ground; thence on down and through the narrow ravine, with its banks of an average height of seventy-five feet, the stream courses and, with the grand views in every direction, makes the place an ideal pienic ground. The view from the opposite side of the river is a grand one, the height being some one hundred and fifty feet above the stream, and the river like a silver thread, slowly winding its way along, and fringed in its background with

THE GAME OF TEMA.

the heavy foliage of the trees makes it a picture long to be remembered, and small wonder that those seeking the picturesque

makes this such a favorite spot.

There is a new game which is called tema, and which is an adaptation of Japanese pole. This is the way it is played, according to a young woman who claims to be A screen eight feet high has a circular hole in the middle eightesn inches in diameter called the goal, and having a net behind it. Twenty feet away is a roped-in area in which the players stand. They are ranged in sides, the white and the red. At the end of the area furthest from the screen are stores of red and white balls less than two inches in diameter, and it is the business of each side to throw its balls into the goal. This throwing is done by means of an implement called the wanda slender bamboo three feet nine

THE EPWORTH PILGRIMAGE

American Methodists Bow Deep in Reverence at the Tomb of John Wesley.

The Wretched Life Led by the Mother of the Great Reformer-Impressive and Affecting Scenes in and About Epworth Church.

Special Correspondence of the Sunday Journal.

LONDON, Aug. 9 .- The old rectory at Epworth stands a mute testimonial to the Methodist-not only the reformer who went forth from its walls, but of the singular energy and ability of the mother of the Wesleys. It was here that her wretched and obscure life was passed, yet a life so remarkable in its simplicity that few mothers have received such posthumous fame as Susannah Wesley. Hers was a continual struggle with poverty. The living of the husband and father was but £130 a year, and on this absurdly small sum she had to meet the cares of a family of nineteen children. Bred in London, the Rev. Samuel incurred, immediately on his installation at Epworth, the universal hatred of his parishioners, and if we may judge from the records of his petty strifes with them, he was totally incapacitated for the work. He would go away to London to tind a market for his poetry, for he manufactured rhyme, and leave the entire work of providing for the household upon the shoulders of Susannah. But amidst the ceaseless cares and menial labor which constituted her daily existence, the strength of her character is revealed, showing the true source of her prophet son's religious zeal. She found time to hold kitchen services, which became so popular among the humble folk that the curate wrote the Rev. Samuel, in London, requesting that they be discontinued, "because more people went there than went to the curate at the church." The husband, away in London, was amazed at the intelligence. He wrote at once to her that as the wife of a public person it. behooved her to exercise discretion. Poor Mrs. Wesley replied, in a letter, which is still in existence, urging that great practical results were following from her work, and that she could not in conscience stop without her husband's express command. That command came at once, and from that time her wise and powerful mind was devoted to her sons. Perhaps had it not been for this incident the founder of Methodism would never have been known.

And so, as the American pilgrims passed from the rectory they pressed their faces against the sacred walls, sanctified as much by the unhappy woman who had toiled and suffered within them as by the prophet himself who had received her counsel and teaching. They gathered pebbles from the graveled walk and flowers from the beautiful beds to bear away across the Atlantic, where they will be held almost priceless, as in the middle ages were the palms which were borne home in triumph by the Crusaders from Lebanon and the Mount of Olives. The Lincolnshire parish has much changed since the days of Susannah's struggles there. The canon now in charge

struggles there. The canon now in charge receives a salary of £2,000 a year.

From the rectory door many points intimately associated with the life of John Wesley may be seen, but the most important is the old church where Samuel Wesley preached. It is still used for worship, and the parishioners assemble within its walls just as did their ancestors. The church was old when Samuel Wesley preached there, as it was built in the twelfth century. Its preservation is remarkable. Although it is whitened by the frosts of time, and here and there in places the stone walls have gradually succumbed the stone walls have gradually succumbed

to decay, yet the main structure stands firm and intact. THE WESLEY TOMB. The pilgrims entered the lane that leads

up to the church, down by the same path that was traveled by the Wesleys. The great elm trees form an overarching roof like a solmn forest aisle. They passed into the church-yard that surrounds the old house of worship. Here are buried Samuel and Susannah Wesley; the tomb stands near the entrance to the church, and is a plain marble box. Among the villagers there is a strange superstition which has gone out in regard to this tomb. It was said that the ghost of Rev. Samuel was seen there at regular intervals. People began to fear to walk near the spot after nightfall. This feeling was heightened when it was asserted that the foot-prints of the ghost had been left upon the stone slab. And there were strange marks there. said: "Here is a manuscript sketch I wrote as far back as 1870. I give it to you as a proof that I was not always a jester with the quill. Perhaps when you are writing my obituary some time you can use it."

cate its presence with unfailing accuracy. I magine that the country is in its primitive condition, and but for the farm houses dotting the way one would be difference between the value of a standard dollar and the value by weight of the one mile from the falls proper, is the foot-prints, or whatever it might be. What penance the ghost was doing there no one dared to state. But after a time, when the ghost story had become a generally accepted fact, the whole matter was explained as a perfectly natural physical phenomenon. The marks in the first place appeared like the claws of a bird. It was noticed, however, that they became deeper in the course of a few years, and then it was discovered that beneath them was an irregular piece of iron imbedded in the rock; then came the natural conclusion that the stone was softer around the metal and lead, and was softer around the metal and lead, and quickly disintegrated beneath the action of rain and sun, producing the so-called footprints. But it is said that even at

the present day there are many supporters of the ghost theory at Epworth.

The pilgrims surrounded the tomb and bared their heads while the crowd of villagers who had followed them from the time of their arrival thronged around them. Dr. S. F. Upham, of the Boston Theological School, mounted upon the tomb and spoke a few sentences in a most impressive man-ner. His words seemed to deeply impress the group around him, who had journeyed many thousand miles to feel the inspira-"At this spot where I am standing," said he, "John Wesley stood. From here he preached as long as he could, until he was driven out. His life and its associations are before us. I am overcome by its sacredness. No words can express the emotion I feel within me as I stand here upon this tomb. Hallowed is this spot. Sacred is

And in response from every pilgrim standing around the tomb there came a profound amen. Then all the voices were lifted in unison in singing one of Wesley's hymns. It was "Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing my great Redeemer's praise." No voice ever sang the words in such an impressive way before. Every nook of the old church-yard echoed with the sound. There were many moist eves among the

There were many moist eyes among the group of spectators.

THE BAPTISMAL FOUNT. The first object that attracted the pilgrims within the old church was the baptismal fount at which John Wesley was baptized. It stands to-day exactly where it stood when that ceremony was performed by his father. It is about four feet high and octagonal in form. It is still used in the service of the church. Each of the Americans pressed shand to it in reverence as to a thing holy.

The interior of the church is antique—

the old oaken pews which have served as the old oaken pews which have served as resting places for successive generations, the stained-glass windows of the days of Queen Anne, the chancel rail, where for centuries sacrament has been administered. The same altar from which Samuel Wesley preached is still used. From it John Wesley also discoursed before he was dismissed from the church. It is made of oak and of a design now rarely seen. The vestry of the old church is at the rear beneath the huge chimney. Canon Overton, who is the present rector, opened the

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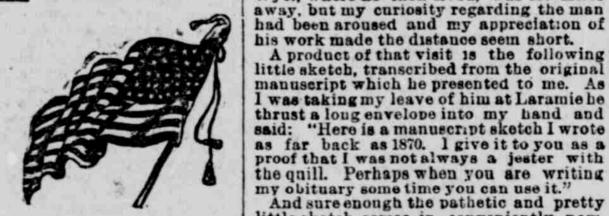
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D. V. S. Ayres, in Frank Leslie's Monthly.

To him—I speak of mankind generically—
who has no sense of humor, the visiting of the poor must be one of the most irksome of those seven corporal works of mercy which the church enjoins upon her faithful which the church enjoins upon her faithful children. It is harrowing to the very soul to dwell upon the sight of misery which can be but partially relieved, and sometimes hardly reached at all; and it is both maddening and depressing when, a'ter having given one's best and most conscientious labor to the problem of relief, one finds it wasted—as it so very often is—on some poor creature too obstinate and suspicious to co-operate in the effort toward her own good, and too ignorant to pay one the simple justice of gratitude. For the poor woman (of the man I have but little experience) is as a rule unreasonable and ungrateence) is as a rule unreasonable and ungrate-

BILL NYE'S PATHOS.

A Sketch Written by Him in 1870 and Pub-

his work made the distance seem short.

And sure enough the pathetic and pretty

Difficulties in Helping the Poor.